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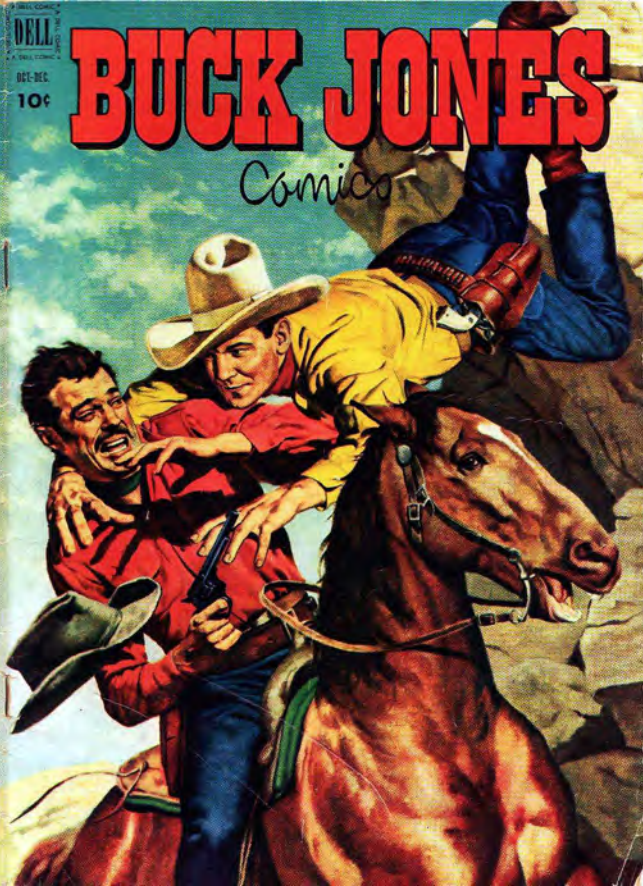
A DELL COMIC

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BUCK JONES

Comico



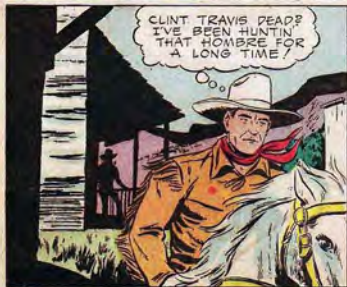
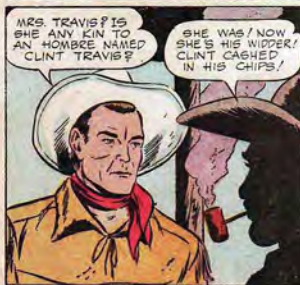
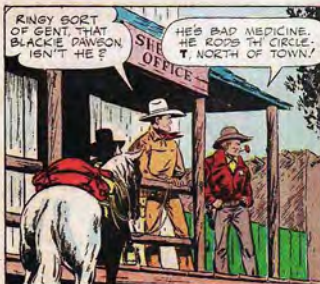


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NEXT MORNING...

I HOPE YOU
PLAN TO STAY
WITH US A
SPELL, BUCK!

WHY THANKS... I'D
LIKE TO! I HAD A
REASON FOR COMING!



A REASON?
TO SEE ...
CLINT...
I SUPPOSE?

YES! SOMETHING
POPPED UP
AWHILE BACK
THAT WOULD
HAVE DONE
CLINT SOME
GOOD!



I MIGHT AS WELL
GIVE YOU THE WHOLE
YARN... IT WAS DOWN
IN TEXAS SOME
YEARS AGO...



"...CLINT AND I WERE PARTNERS IN THIS
LITTLE OL' BROKEN BIT OUTFIT... ONE DAY..."

LOOK,
CLINT!
YONDER!



A YAQUI
INJUN' SHOT UP
SOME! HERE, CLINT,
WE'LL GET HIM BACK
TO HEADQUARTERS...



THE BULLET DIDN'T
HIT A BONE! YOU'LL
BE OKAY, OLD-TIMER!

UNGH!









LATER...





YUP! THIS IS WHAT I WANTED,
ALL RIGHT! IT'S THE SAME TRACK
AS I FOUND UP ON THAT
HOGBACK!



HELLO, GENTS! MIND IF I
COME IN OUT OF THE
RAIN?

IT AIN'T
RAININ'! AIN'T
HAD A STORM
FOR SIX
MONTHS!



BUT WE'RE LIABLE TO
HAVE ONE PRONTO!
EVER SEE THIS SHOE
BEFORE... ANYBODY?

ONE SHOE'S
LIKE ANOTHER
IN MY BOOK!



LOOK! THE
LEFT HEEL
TIP IS BROKEN!
IT'S BEEN THAT
WAY SOME TIME...
WORN SMOOTH!

AW, THAT'S
FROM BLACKIE'S
BAY! QUIT
PESTERIN' US!



BLACKIE'S PONY
WEARS SHOES
SO LONG HIS
TOES STICK
OUT!

YOU'RE LOCO! MY
BAY'S WELL SHOD!
ALL AROUND!



YEAH! HE'S WELL
SHOD NOW... BUT
HE WASN'T AN
HOUR AGO!

SO WHAT? CAN'T A
MAN SHOE HIS
HORSE WITHOUT
YOUR SAY-SO?



NEXT TIME YOU BUST A CAP AT A COVOTE... BE SURE ITS A COVOTE!

I WASN'T FAR OFF TH' FIRST TIME!

NEXT MORNING...

NICE MORNIN' EH, SILVER-B? WORLD'S JUST WAKIN' UP AND THE LITTLE BIRDS ARE... HEY! WHO ARE THOSE BIRDS?

STILL HUNTIN' COVOTES, BLACKIE?

NOPE! WE CAUGHT US A RUSTLER! HE WAS SNOOPIN' AROUND TH' CIRCLE-T HERD!

A RUSTLER, EH? I NEVER HEARD OF A MAN RUSTLIN' HIS OWN BEEF!

QUIT TALKIN' RIDDLES!

OKAY! THIS MAN OWNS CIRCLE-T! HES... CLINT TRAVIS!

WHAT? WHY, YOU'RE LOCO! TRAVIS IS DEAD!

AND I SAY THIS HOMBRE'S A COW THIEF! TRAVIS WAS SHOT BEFORE I COME TO WORK HERE!

SHOT? HOW'D YOU KNOW TRAVIS WAS SHOT?



A WEEK LATER...

THINGS ARE A BIT HAZY, BUCK. BUT IF YOU AND HELEN SAY I'M CLINT TRAVIS, I WON'T ARGUE!

THINK BACK, CLINT! FAR AS YOU CAN...



WELL, FIRST THING I REMEMBER IS BEING PULLED OUT OF A FLOODED WASH... BY AN OLD YAGUI INDIAN...



AH! GRINGO AMIGO HAVE CLOSE SQUEAK! BULLET CREASE SCALP!

AH-HH, MY HEAD! WHERE ... AM ... I?



"I LIVED WITH THE INDIANS... LEARNED THEIR LINGO. BUT SOMETHING KEPT CALLING ME... SO I DRIFTED NORTH..."



ADIOS AMIGOS! AND... GRACIAS...

SO... HERE I AM! IT HARDLY SEEMS POSSIBLE...

ISN'T THAT SAM BLOUNT, THE BANKER?... OH, PEAR... WHY DOES HE HAVE TO COME... NOW?



AH, CLINT TRAVIS! HEARD YOU WERE BACK! ABOUT TIME, TOO!

YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE CLINT. HE ISN'T FEELING WELL...





"THEY TOLD A STRANGE TALE..."



"NEAR CASTLE GAP BANDIDOS AMBUSHED THE CARAVAN... ONLY A YAQUI INDIAN SURVIVED!"



"THIS INDIAN WATCHED THE BANDITS BURY THE LOOT. HE MADE A MAP..."



MOST OF THE BANDITS WOUND UP IN BOOT HILL... WIND SHIFTED THE SANDS WHERE THE GOLD WAS CACHED.



THE GOATSKIN MAP IS THE ONLY CLUE TO THE BURIED FORTUNE! A KING'S RANSOM IS BEING OFFERED FOR IT!



CLINT! IF WE ONLY HAD YOUR HALF OF THAT MAP... WITH MINE... OUR WORRIES WOULD BE OVER!







NEXT MORNING...





ALL I GOT IS YOUR
WORD FOR IT, JONES!
THAT DON'T MEAN
NOTHIN' TO ME!

UP TO
YOUR OLD
TRICKS, EH,
BLACKIE?



I'VE RUN INTO YOUR KIND OF GUN-
SLINGIN' COYOTE BEFORE! PROD A MAN
INTO DRAWIN'... AND SHOOT HIM FROM
UNDER YOUR ARM...

WHY YOU SIDE-
WINDIN' YELLOW-BACKED
SNAKE! I'LL ...



TALKIE-TALKIE! HOBBLE YOUR
TONGUE AND GO FOR YOUR IRON!
I'M GIVIN YOU THE BREAKS ...

I'M A PEACE-LOVIN
MAN, JONES! I WOULDN'T...



YOU...
ASKED...
FOR... IT!

THANKS, PAL! YOU CAN'T
CLAIM SELF-DEFENSE
THIS TIME!



YOU'VE BEEN IN MY HAIR
TOO LONG, JONES! I'M COMBIN'
YUH OUT... WITH HOT LEAD!

BANG
BANG
BANG

CALM DOWN,
BLACKIE! YOU'RE
JUST POKIN'
HOLES IN THE
AIR!

















LATE THE NEXT
MORNING...

BUCK, YOU STILL
THINK THIS JESS FELLER'S
THE OWLHOOT YOU'RE
LOOKIN' FOR... THE ONE YOU
TOLD ME ABOUT LAST NIGHT?

WELL...

YOU SAID HE'S GOT
BRIGHT RED HAIR... THAT
DOESN'T SOUND LIKE
"BALDY" FALLON!

SURE
DON'T!

BUT THE
MARSHAL SAID
BALDY'S A MASTER
OF DISGUISES!

ANYHOW, WHOEVER
HE IS, HE PROBABLY
DOUBLED BACK TO
DAN'S PLACE...

TO LOOK FOR
SOME OF THAT GOLD
POOR OL DAN'S
SUPPOSED TO HAVE
HIDDEN
SOMEWHERE'S!

THERE IT IS, BUCK...
THAT'S DAN'S
PLACE!

THAT MUST
BE JESS'S HORSE,
TIED UP OUT FRONT!
COME ON!







AROUND THE NEXT
CURVE...



